A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS AND OTHER *POETICAL PIECES*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY FOWLER, SALISBURY.

ABSENCE.

A NEW SONG.

Wrote by a Gentleman of Southampton, on a Lady leaving that Place.

Tune——*Gramachree Molly.*

NO more by Itchin's ſilver ſtreams,
With pleaſure do I ſtray,
Or ſeek delight among the banks
Where Anton's Naiad's play;
Nor muſic can my fancy charm;
Its flatt'ring joys are o'er!
For Liſſy now is fled away,
And pleaſure is no more.

Refreſhing dews the Queen of Morn
Now ſcatters o'er the broom,
Which, warm'd by Phœbus' vivid ray,
Sheds forth a rich perfume;
Yet richer, ſweeter are the lips
Of her whom I adore;
But now, alas! ſhe's fled away,
And pleaſure is no more.

I'll ſeek the ſolemn, ſtill retreat,
Where Netley ancient ſtood;
In melting murmurs tell my tale
Unto the chryſtal flood:
Whilſt Echo ſhall the plaintive ſtrain
Unto my heart reſtore;
For Liſſy now is fled away,
And pleaſure is no more.

Oh! Cupid, teach the lovely maid
My paſſion to believe;
I ſwear by all the pow'rs above,
I mean not to deceive!
Would heaven but grant me her I love,
I'd aſk no greater ſtore;
But now my Liſſy's fled away,
And pleaſure is no more.

Were I poſſeſt of all the wealth
The Eaſtern climes afford,
Or were the earth, the air, and ſeas,
Obedient at my word,
I'd yield the prize, and at her feet
The pompous riches pour;
But now my Liſſy's fled away,
And pleaſure is no more.

May heav'n, indulgent, hear my pray'r,
And ſend her to my arms;
Return her ſafe to Anton's plains,
With all her blooming charms;
'Til then, I'll frown on fortune's ſmiles,
And ſcorn her glitt'ring ſhow'r,
For now my Liſſy's fled away,
And pleaſure is no more!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.